17

A NEW SATYR AGAINST The French KING;

VVith the true Character of *French-men* in General, both in *England*, and elsewhere.

6. Oct. 1701.

SPeak Satyr quickly, we have Theames enough,
The Town is now quite Ripe for Satyr Proof:
The noisy Fop, Startch'd Cit, and Jilting Whore,
Are Subjects have been handled o'r and o'r;
While others rail against a wanton Wench,
I'll throw my Venum at the sawcy *French*:
Those Apes, those Echo's, and the shews of Men,
Shall be the present Subject of my Pen:
Not scolding Bawds, nor Gossips when they prate,
Nor all the female Tribe of *Billinsgate*;
Women at Christenings, Fairs or in a Crowd,
Can e're be half so Clamerous and Loud,
As half a Dussen *French-men* when they meet,
Their Tongues not only Wag, but Hands and Feet:
Each part about them seems to move and walk,
Their Eyes, their Noses, and their Fingers Talk;
With such a Noise they fill each others Ears,
Like *Dover* Court all speak and no Man hears;
Stif in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Are every thing by Fits, and nothing long;
Their Modes so strangly alter human Shape,
What Nature made a Man, they make an Ape.
'Tis to that foppish Nation that we owe,
Those antick Dresses, which adorns the Beau:
So many sorts of Rigging dres the Elf,
That he sometimes does hardly know himself;
They taught our Sparks to strut in Pantaloons,
Who looks as Fierce as any *French* Dragoons:
Their King with all his noble Vertues blest,
That ever yet adorn'd a Tyrants Breast:
Who dares against the whole World draw his Sword,
And thinks it Childish for to keep his word;
A wicked Tyrant fraught with Hellish Rage,
The Plague and firband of this our Age:
Whom Nature in an angry Humour hurld,
Down as a Fiend, to vex the Christian World.
VVho treats his Subjects, worse than we our Dogs,
He's like to *Æsop's* stork, and they the Froggs;
The Bully of Mankind all *Europe's* Rod,
The worst of Tyrants, and the Scourge of God.
His Nobles Beggar'd both in Mind and Purse,
His Clergy Block-heads, and their Laymen worse:
His Subjects ruin'd and by wrongs oppress'd,
To different Countries forc'd to fly for rest.

On

On all our Shores our Charity relieve 'em,
And as our Suffering Brethren we receive 'em;
But as the Snake, Benumb'd with Winters Cold,
Made warm by Heat, grows impudently Bold;
So they returns of Gratitude have made,
By undermining of our Nation's Trade:
So Cheap they Work, as if they were design'd,
To live like *Chameleon* like, upon the Wind;
They feed upon such course and homely Fare,
As if they *Hermits*, of the Mountains were.
Our *English* Tradsmen cannot live so mean,
Nor think a well fill'd Table is a Sin;
Yet they must Sell as Cheap as Mounsieur does,
Or *Beg*, or Starve, or which they please to chuse:
Their Ancestors they say were Slaves before 'em,
And they'l be so, because their Mothers bore 'em.
If from small things to greater we ascend,
When did we ever find of *France* a Friend?
Debauch'd with Idleness, and Plenty Drunk,
We sent our Guineas, and they sent us Punk:
Oh! famous *Portsmouth* first of all thy Trade,
Hadst thou at Nurse been Starv'd or Overlaid;
With Reverance to thy once admired *Bum*,
Half of those *Ills* we felt had never come;
'Caus'd by the Magick, of thy charming Face,
Our own, thy Sexes, and the World's Disgrace;
With thee there did a numerous Train resort,
The *French* those Frogs, and Locusts of the Court.
The Plague of Lice in *Egypt* made no stay,
Moses but wav'd his Wand, they went away.
But these curst Vermine, of the *Gallick* Shore,
As they'r suppress't they still increas'd the more;
The *French* by Arts of smooth Insinuation,
Are now become the Darling of the Nation:
Monsieur appears with so Divine a Grace,
What Lady can withstand a well dress'd Face?
Since *English* Block-heads are in dress so Course,
They'r fit for nothing but to rub a Horse:
Our Cooks in Dressing, have no Skill at all,
They'r only fit to serve an Hospital,
Or to prepare a Dinner for a Camp;
The *French* are only of the modish Stamp.
Their slibber Sauces do old Age prevent,
And thus we're Poyson'd by our own Consent.
Nay a *French* Boy, all confident, no beard,
Before an *English* Stripling is preferr'd.
'Twas from the *French*, we learn'd the noble Art,
To make the Tongue to Contradict the Heart.
One tells me he's my Servant at Command,
Who at that moment wishes *I* was Hang'd.
Another hopes to see me in my Grave,
Yet swears he is my most obedient *Slave*;
These are the Plagues which now infest our Shore,
Like those which rag'd in *Egypt* heretofore;
These are the Vermine who do range about,
To find unmerited Preferment out:
While needy worth, and bashful Merit starves,
And he's alone unhappy, that deserves.
A better Usage from the Hand of Fate,
No wonder then, if Fools are Fortunate.

London, Printed in the Year 1701.